

# Stones

Tracy Lawrence

Barely old enough to call it love  
Showing off, skipping rocks across, the water  
Stones, I handed one to you  
You put it in your pocket  
Said you loved it  
Said you'd keep it forever, stones  
One by one, they mark our passage  
Along this winding road we're on  
With each turn we take  
From the cradle to the grave  
Our lives are paved with stones  
A tiny velvet box, one perfect little rock  
A little thing, just a ring but it says, "Marry me"  
Stones, we'll build ourselves a home  
Where love's a corner stone  
We'll have children, they'll have children  
Until they roll off on their own like stones  
One by one, they mark our passage  
Along this winding road we're on  
With each turn we take  
From the cradle to the grave  
Our lives are paved with  
Burning stones, stepping stones  
Skipping rocks and dodging lots of  
Sticks and stones and I've been on  
Both sides of throwing stones  
The years are like the wind  
They're here and gone and then  
They'll blow away, our every trace  
All except our names, engraved in stones  
One by one, they mark our passage  
Along this winding road we're on  
With each turn we take  
From the cradle to the grave  
Our lives are paved with stones

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